

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 10.]

OCTOBER, 1863.

[PRICE 1½d.]

A BRIEF SKETCH OF A FEW MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

(Continued from page 135.)

"Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God."

If the study of our forerunners in the cause of Unitarianism emboldens us to be truly faithful to our convictions, and at the same time teaches us to soften down our own hardness and asperities towards those who may differ from us, and live in the sweetness of christian charity and enlarged sympathy for all mankind, however antagonistic their views to ours; faithful to our own views, and fair in our exposition of theirs, without one bitter feeling; then our review of our martyrs and confessors has not been in vain. We learn that a good cause is not sustained by persecution; a bad cause may, for a time, gain vigour by persecuting it. We learn how deep we may sink in degradation when we give way to the persecuting spirit; and it is *not* a small thing to dislike another because he thinks differently from us, when we see the terrible evils that have followed those dislikes. The best of mankind have been scandalized, their property destroyed, they have been banished from their homes, and suffered death. Let us purge out the old leaven of malice and wickedness, and leave not a vestige of it in our lives. There is an endless list of persons, who, like

MARK GUALTHER,
the Rector of Kampen, in Holland, have

been banished from their homes by the magistrates. We see no right a Unitarian has to hold a Trinitarian pulpit; but it is very harsh of the law to exile a man because of a change in his views. They told him he must leave his native land for ever: this was in the winter of 1621. He said, "I accept this sentence with patience and comfort, as a part of that cross, which the Saviour has pleased to lay on me." He said "it was a hard sentence, but retribution belonged unto God." Holland has now twelve hundred ministers who preach the doctrine for which Mark Gualther was banished from his home.

The celebrated preacher and Italian monk,

BERNARD OCHINUS, suffered a great deal of hardship after he changed his views from Trinitarianism to Unitarianism. Before the change, he was the guest of kings and princes, and the most eloquent and useful preacher of the Roman Catholic Church. After this he was driven about from city to city. Himself and family suffered much. Beza ascribed all Ochinus's misfortune and suffering to the judgment of God for heresy. A friend of Beza sent him a severe reproof for this, asking him if the sufferings of Christ, and the Apostles, and the Reformers were to be viewed so? He was told how inhuman it was to trample upon the ashes of the dead, and when any one led a suffering life, or died a violent death, if we were at liberty to conclude such was an impious man.

We verily believe we have a record of a fraction only of those who have suffered in our own land, and other lands, for their avowal of Unitarianism. In a local chronicle of Uxbridge in England, there is an account of one

PATRICK PATRINGHAM, called an Arian, who suffered death by burning, on the 29th of August, 1555. And several Unitarians, at different times, we believe, in different parts of England, sometimes as Arians, which are Unitarians, and sometimes they are called atheists and blasphemers, because they did not believe in the Trinity and Deity of Jesus Christ, were put to death.

James the First vindicated his theological nostrums of the Trinity, etc., by having several Unitarians burnt to death during his reign. It was in his reign that

EDWARD WIGHTMAN, of Burton-on-Trent, suffered at the stake. We have by us the complete sentence of this faithful man for his Unitarianism. It runs in the following style:—"The King to the Sheriff of our city of Lichfield. Greeting.—Against the said Edward Wightman as a blasphemous and condemned heretick.—We therefore as a zealot of justice, and a defender of the faith, command the said Edward Wightman to be committed to the fire, that Christians may not fall into the same crime." He was publicly burnt to death on the 11th of April, 1612. The bishop of Lichfield was among his prosecutors. A protestant king, and a protestant bishop!!

The city of Norwich, in which we have now an influential church of Unitarians, has had the distinction in past times of burning two Unitarians,

MATTHEW HAMONT

and

JOHN LEWES,

who appear to have denied the doctrine of the Trinity, and the Deity of Christ, and kindred doctrines, were condemned to be burnt alive in the time of good Queen Elizabeth. Hamont suffered death on the 13th of April, 1579, and Lewes on the 18th of September, 1583. They are both called very foul names by the historian of the times, who does not think the burning alive of two men, a more detestable impiety than any false doctrine they might entertain. We believe there is a large margin left for speculations of doctrine, without those speculations in any material way affecting our piety or morality. We rejoice to believe that every sect and church, with

their very peculiar and opposing views, contain good and pious men and women. It is a sad thing when our religious speculations become, by our warmth, zeal, and intensity of connection, an impelling cause to reviling and uncharitableness. Then we allow the husk of religion to destroy the very fruit and life of christianity charity. The all embracing truths of christianity, "Love to God, and love to man," should never be violated by any differences which may exist among us. The injury of any one is a greater wickedness than any speculative heresy we may entertain. There is no heresy to match the heresy of malevolence.

It would appear that the sixteenth century proved fatal to a goodly number of Unitarians. It was on June the 10th of 1569, at Bruges,

HERMANN VAN FLEKWYK,

perished at the stake, a Unitarian martyr. The church of Rome did its best by sending a celebrated Franciscan monk, to make a convert of this man. There is an account of the interview of the monk, and the long discussion they had. We think the monk had much the worst of it in the argument about the Trinity, and other matters debated. A few days elapsed, and Van Flekwyk was taught the church had a more severe ordeal for him than the offensive language of the monk, and what they thought an effectual way of exterminating heresy. Oh! cruel and unwise church!

The year after John Biddle died in prison for his Unitarianism,

THOMAS EMLYN

was born at Stamford in 1663. He was offered a rich living, in early life, in the church of England. He then had some doubts about the doctrines of the church, and finally he rejected the doctrine of the Trinity. He published a pamphlet in Dublin, and was prosecuted for it: imprisoned for two years, and heavily fined. The attorney-general wished to have him sent to the pillory for his Unitarianism; this was not sanctioned by the judge, but he was labelled a heretic, and led through the four courts of Dublin, having been convicted of false doctrine, on the 14th of June, 1703. He came to London after he was freed from prison, and preached to a small congre-

gation for many years. He died in 1743. Although a law against the Unitarians stood in the statute book until 1813, there have been few prosecutions during the last hundred years. It is true, that at times Unitarians have been molested, and that a violent mob destroyed the chapel and house of Dr. Priestley at Birmingham in 1791, and that he was compelled for safety to go to America, but this persecution was more of a political character than a religious one. We may add that his Unitarianism in the minds of the priests and mob formed part of the indictment against him, for Coleridge wrote,

"Lo Priestley there, patriot, and saint, and sage;
Him from his native land
Statesmen, blood-stained, and priest idolatrous
Drove with vain hate: calm, pitying, he retired."

Fuller, the protestant church historian, disgraces the pages of his history by the jocular way he tells of the sufferings of the Unitarian,

BARTHOLOMEW LEGATE.

The historian admits that Legate was a man well skilled in the Scriptures, and a fluent speaker, and an open advocate of the Unitarian doctrine. He was thrown into Newgate, and finally adjudged worthy of death by burning. King James the first, who was a great hand at theological discussion, took up the task of the conversion of Legate. "What can the man do that comes after the king." Surely a subject who is in the hands of his enemies, and interpleaded with by the king of the realm, should yield to such a royal preacher. The king exhausted all his stock of learning on Legate, and we are told that at last he hoped to extort a confession from Legate that would have damaged the Unitarians' cause. He asked Legate if he did not daily pray to Christ? "I did," said he, "in the days of my ignorance, but have not done so for the last seven years." Repelled at every point, the king's temper was ruffled, and he took his foot and kicked the prisoner for not praying to Jesus Christ. Once again we turn to Smithfield, where another form of logic prevailed over heretics in the flesh. It was on the 18th of March, 1612, about mid-day you might have seen thousands of people bending their way through streets and lanes to see a great sight, the

burning of a faithful man. Fuller says, "Never did a scare fire at midnight summon more hands to quench it, than this at noon-day did eyes to behold it." So on that spring morning, when the little flowers of the earth, and the birds of the air were coming forth, the servants of a kind Providence, who wishes to teach his children to love one another, and to be courteous and forgiving one to another—in London, that day, before a meridian sun, and at the beginning of a new and beautiful season—in London, the capital of Protestantism, making her loud complaints of the persecuting spirit of the Roman Catholic Church—a worshipper of the one true and living God, a disciple of Jesus Christ, who honoured Christ more than the priests, or the dogmas of the church: see him led forth to the stake, his only crime, he denied the doctrine of the Trinity—see the mob, the officers with their pole axes, and the priests in bands, and gowns, and surplices; and B. Legate is fastened to the stake; to the last he avows his Unitarian faith, and the word of death is passed along to the executioner, and this good and faithful man is burned to ashes.

We are sorry to record that

FRANCIS DAVID,

the first superintendent of our Transylvanian Unitarian Churches, died in a dungeon, on the 15th of November, 1579, for the open and constant profession of his opinion, that God the Father is the proper and only object of supreme worship. He was a learned man, and of a spotless character. We are sometimes called Socinians, by those who know no better than to call us so. It was the Socinian party in Transylvania who had a good standing with the king, led on the persecution of F. David. The Socinians worship Jesus Christ, though they reject the doctrine of the Trinity. We scarcely think any of that party exists at the present day. The faithful Unitarian, F. David, was the victim of their zeal for the worship of Christ.

The Roman Catholic Church has always loved the work of hunting down heretics, and when she got upon the scent of a Unitarian, regarded it as high sport that pleased not only her own church, but gave some satisfaction to trinitarians of the Protestant Church.

JAMES PALEOLOGUS, a descendant of the Imperial family of Constantinople, a resident in Italy, and a Protestant reformer, who adopted Unitarian views, fell a victim to Roman Catholic zeal for the Trinity, and the rage against Unitarians. He was seized and taken to Rome, and suffered at the stake, on the 22nd of March, 1585. He was a firm upholder of the doctrine, that prayer and worship should be offered up to God the Father only. He sealed his faith with his blood.

There are two names deeply carved in the history of religion at Geneva, the one is JOHN CALVIN, the author of the system that bears his name, and the other is the Unitarian,

MICHAEL SERVETUS, a distinguished scholar, and eminent physician, said to be the first discoverer of the circulation of the blood. In a treatise by Dr. Wotton, 1697, he says, "The first that ever I could find who had a distinct idea of the matter (the circulation of the blood) was Servetus, an Arian, who was burnt at Geneva." Wotton deplors that he meddled with religion, and says, "If he had kept to his profession of a physician, the world would have had cause to bless his memory." In very early life, Servetus wrote against the errors of the Trinity. When Melancthon heard of his work, he wrote to a friend and said, "He was always afraid disputes about the Trinity would break out some time or another. What tragedies this question will cause among posterity." He wrote two or three books on the importance of the Restoration of Christianity to its gospel purity. He wrote to John Calvin, and said he would like to meet him at Geneva, and converse with him on those matters of doctrine. Calvin wrote to a friend and said that "Servetus has lately written to me, and sent me a large book stuffed with his idle fancies. He offers to come hither if I like. I will not engage my word, for if he comes, and if any regard be had to my authority, I shall not suffer him to escape without losing his life." Servetus was arrested at Vienna, where he was practising as a physician. He escaped from Vienna, where he would have been put to death. His property was all confiscated, and his effigy burnt.

He was on his way to Naples, and in passing through Geneva, he was arrested by the authorities there. He was thrown into a loathsome prison, and kept for some time in a most filthy state. He was tried for his Unitarianism: he confessed he wrote the books they questioned him about. He contended they had no authority over him, he was only passing through their city. His arrest was the violation of all justice and hospitality. He was sentenced, to be bound and carried to the place *Champel*, and there to be fastened to a post and burnt alive, with his books, till his body be reduced to ashes, to give an example to deter others from Unitarianism. He knew Calvin was a party in this plot. He saw him before he died, by request. He forgave John Calvin this crime, and was burnt the day after, on the 27th of October, 1553, without retracting one word he had written. Geneva has seen a change since that sad day, the Unitarians are not a few or a persecuted sect in Geneva to-day. The largest church of the city has left the tenets of Calvin, and Servetus, rather than Calvin, would be a welcomed preacher within its walls.

QUAINT SIMILES.

(From Spencer's "*Things New and Old*," 1600.)

INCONSISTENT MINISTERS.

INTEMPERATE ministers, whose doctrine and lives are as distant as the two polar lines, cosmographically described on the globe terrestrial, are like those *statuæ Mercuriales* on the road, that point out unto a man which is the way to London, but move not a foot thitherward themselves, like those carpenters that built the Ark to save others, and were drowned themselves; or like porters of great men's gates, that let in others, but lodge without themselves. And whereas another, by his good life, sets seal to his doctrine, he by his bad life puts a lie upon the truth; his words prove unprofitable, because his life is abominable.

TRUTH NOT LOVED AT HOME.

As the friar wittily told the people, that the truth he then preached to them seemed to be like holy water, which every one called for apace, yet when it came to be cast upon them, they turned aside

their faces, as though they did not like it. Just so it is that almost every man calls fast for Truth, commends Truth, nothing will down but Truth, yet they cannot endure to have it cast in their faces; they love Truth in *universalis* when it only pleads itself, and shows itself; but they cannot abide it in *particulari*, when it presses upon them, and shows them themselves. They love it *lucentem*, but hate it *redarguentem*. They would have it shine out unto all the world in its glory, but by no means so much as peep out to reprove their own errors.

THE SINCERE PREACHER'S COMFORT.

In a great festival, when the expectation was not less than the concourse—both very great—St. Bernard having preached a very eloquent sermon, while the people admire and applaud, the Abbot walks about sadly, with a mind not ordinarily dejected. The next day he preaches a sermon, full of profitable truth—plain, without any rhetorical dress, whereupon his meaner-capacitated auditors went away very well contented; but curious, itching ears were unsatisfied; but he returns this answer, *Heri Bernardum, hodie Jesum Christum*—Yesterday I preached Bernard, but to-day Jesus Christ. It is the same with all preachers of God's word. There can be no feast within when a man is conscious to himself of dallying with God. Integrity is that which furnisheth out the sweet banquet and heavenly repast of joy. That preacher shall have most comfort that preacheth most of Christ, and so shall he, too, that lives most to Christ, when a rotten-hearted Wolsey, whose conscience tells him that he served the king, his master, better than God, his Maker, shall languish away in discontent and vexation of spirit.

Third Edition.—Sixth Thousand.

THE UNITARIAN HAND-BOOK

Of Scriptural Illustrations and Expositions.

"It is admirably fitted for the use of those engaged in missionary or general ministerial labors."—*Inquirer*.

"It well deserves its name of the Unitarian Hand-book. It ought to be in the hands of every one in our Churches."—*Unitarian Herald*.

Price—One Copy, post-free, 1s.; Six Copies, post-free, 5s. Address R. SPEARS, 39, Stamford Street, London.

THE SINS AND MISERY OF THE DRUNKARD.

DRUNKENNESS is a sin;—it is more, it is a hydra-headed sin. A sin against nature, a sin against the family, a sin against religion and society, and a sin against God.

The drunkard sins against nature. God made him a man, that he may act like a man, but he drops his manhood and adopts the habits of the irrational brutes. He roars like a tiger; he capers like a monkey; he wallows in the mud like a swine. Behold the miserable wretch, staggering along the street; stupidity written on his "human face divine;" his brain on fire, the demon of anger and hatred in possession of his soul, pouring out broken curses and blasphemies, imagining everything and everybody his enemy; quarreling and fighting with his best friends. What sort of animal is this? He is drunk on tiger's rum, and he is a tiger and worse. Alas! for the hour in which he reaches his home. The poor wife sees a wild beast coming home to her, and not the kind man she married. Now with loud oaths, and horrible imprecations, he storms about the house, breaking the furniture, smashing the doors and windows, and alarming the whole neighbourhood. See the poor children! how they cower and hide away in mortal fear from the presence of the being of whom nature would bid them never to be afraid. "Father's drunk again, let's run away," they whisper in terror to one another. The wife tries to soothe him perhaps with kind words, and what is her return? Hang your heads with shame, ye men born of women, and suckled at her breasts, and ye angels veil your faces, lest ye witness the heavy blow and brutal kick. Oh! was it for this she sacrificed all to follow him? Was it thus he promised to love, honour, and cherish her? Ah! he has sinned against himself; he has degraded his own manhood; he has changed his exalted nature into the nature of a wild beast. He was as unconscious of the baseness of his act as he was reckless of its consequences. Stamping about the room, he savagely asserts his own superiority. "He will not be dictated to by any living being,

man or woman." He wants to know if he is not master of his own house. Presently his glaring eye meets the prostrate form of his once loved wife, pale and motionless. What makes him start back terror stricken? Blood! blood! Aye, there is blood upon the floor, and before he can collect his wandering mind, there is a noise outside, the officers of justice enter; he is seized and manacled, led off to the prisoners' dock, tried for his life, found guilty of wilful murder, and then—

There is another. Watch him, if the sight does not sicken you. Are those the antics of a human being? Is that the language of the Christian, or the conversation of the merchant or mechanic, or of the man of labour and industry? What sort of animal is he now? He is drunk on monkey's rum: his antics and grimaces are those of a monkey, and his vile talk is beneath the honest chattering of a baboon. He is a monkey to all intents and purposes, a laughing stock for the whole street, a picture of shame, fit to bring a blush to every cheek.

Drunkenness is a sin against the family. The family is a sacred institution, sanctified and ennobled by the holy sacrament of matrimony. Here there are reciprocal duties of parents to children, and of children to parents; of husband to wife, and of wife to husband, and these duties are binding under pain of mortal sin. Is it not plainly evident that the just fulfilment of these is totally incompatible with drunkenness; and are we not daily witnesses of sins against these duties without number, of omission and commission, contracted by the drunken husband and father, wife and mother, son or daughter? Look at that drunkard. He is a husband and a father? Why, his wife has not a change of clothing, and his children shiver with cold and nakedness, and cry for bread. Whose boy is that, arraigned before the judge for house-breaking? He is the drunkard's son. Poor boy! His unnatural father drove him to steal to satisfy the cravings of hunger, while he, with one hand, was pouring the vile liquor down his throat, and with the other, his hard-earned money into the grocer's till. What slatternly, dirty wretch is that, with her bloated face and black eye? She is the drunken

wife, whose husband, perhaps afar off fighting the battles of his country, little dreams that his pay, earned at the price of blood and toil, helps to ruin his family and make his wife a sot. There is that son and daughter, taught to drink from their very cradles, brought up in ignorance of their religion, and utterly demoralized by bad example. In early youth they found the way to the saloon, and the low haunts of debauchery and vice; and following the practice learned at home, they curse their father and mother now, and perhaps raise their guilty hands to strike them; bringing down the curse of God upon their own heads: and thus by intemperance and its fruits, the whole family is depraved and ruined. Every member of it sinks into a miserable and dishonoured grave. "Their last old age shall be without honour, and if they die quickly, they shall have no hope, nor speech of comfort in the day of trial, for dreadful are the ends of a wicked race."

Not sin! Tell me, then, what is sin, if this be not? Would to God that, sinful as it is, it were not the very worst sin of our day; the prime iniquity of the people, the poisoned source and prolific origin of nearly all the other sins they commit, the begetter of most of their temporal miseries and afflictions, and the ban to their social amelioration.

Assemble together the sinners of every class among us; and you will have before you an army of drunkards. The son goes to work, and lies to his parents to keep back part of his wages for drink and gambling. The dishonest clerk filches from his employer, that he may have the means to riot with his boon companions at the bar of the neighbouring grogery; and when excited by liquor and filthy conversation, to spend the rest of the night in a way that I will not describe, but which makes devils laugh with fiendish joy and satisfaction. Go to the prisons, to the brothels, and speak with these outcasts of society; approach the scaffold, where the wretch, whose hands have been imbued in the blood of his brother, must now expiate his crime; ask them to tell you the first step in their downward course, and it will be strange if you do not hear the same reply, drink.

Our holy religion is a religion whose base is charity, whose topmost stone is

charity, and drunkenness destroys the sacred edifice from roof to foundation. The home of the drunkard is a pandemonium of angry demons, quarrels, hatreds, envies, calumnies, unhappiness, jealousies, disease, despair, suicide, murder; every social evil follows in the train of this damning vice. "Who hath woes? Whose father hath woe? Who hath contentions? Who falls into pits? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? Surely they who pass their time over wine, and study to drink off their cups."

Poverty and misery, filth and disease stalk abroad throughout the land; like so many skeletons they meet us at every corner; and they huddle away their victims into close, unhealthy, pest-stricken tenements, cheerless and comfortless. The house of the drunkard is indeed a sad sight to look upon. Enter one. Dirt on the floor; dirt on the windows; dirt on the broken chairs and tables; the bed is a heap of dirty rags. Dirt on the man; dirt on the woman; dirt on the children; the very dog is mangy. The door is tumbling off its hinges; the broken window panes stuffed with old rags; the plaster peeled off and fallen down in many places, and what is left, begrimed with smoke from the crazy stove-pipe. The cupboard, empty of everything to eat, contains only a few old broken plates, bottles, and rust-eaten tins. The fire is out in the stove, the night is coming on; the winter wind is rising a bitter blast! How it rattles the crazy window frames, and flickers the guttering tallow candle. There is silence in the house now: the man is off spending his last penny at the glaring bar; the wife is on her way to the pawnbroker's, to pawn a stolen shawl for money to buy beer; and the sickly, hungry, whining children have at last sobbed themselves to sleep.

Desolation, misery, starvation, crime, here is home for you!—*Paulist Discourses.*

THE GRAIN OF MUSK.

I DROPPED a single grain of musk
A moment in my room;
When years rolled by, the chamber still
Retained the same perfume.
So every deed approved of God,
Where'er its lot be cast,
Leaves some good influence behind
That shall for ever last.

THE RESOLUTION.

"COME, Jenny, wake up. See, the sun is shining brightly. Come, remember our last night's resolution."

"Very well; I remember," was the sleepy response.

"Yes, but we are a little late now," persisted Fanny. "Do come, Jenny," she added, "or I shall be ready first; and it will be so nice to begin together."

"Well," said Jenny, opening her eyes, "I suppose I must. Oh! if I could only have finished that beautiful dream!"

"Yes, and then have broken our resolution."

"Sure enough; but it might not have taken a very long time."

"Ah! sister, we must not take too much time to dream, if we want to carry this out. See here! I have written it on two cards—one for each of us: 'Resolved, to enter upon a more useful life.'"

"That sounds well, Fan.; but I'm thinking that will be the most of it—the sound."

"Now, sister, don't say that. Remember that beautiful passage which made us first think of our resolution: 'In the morning sow thy seed.' Let us ask God's assistance in the duties of the day, and then we know, dear sister, that he will bless us."

Two busy but very happy faces were soon bending over the same table. Scarcely a word was spoken by either until the last lesson was thoroughly committed.

"There! every one done," said Jenny. "And how I did enjoy that Bible lesson! But if you hadn't called me, Fanny, I suppose I'd be finishing my dream yet."

"We have made a good beginning, so far; but if we want to carry out our resolution, we must be very careful, Jenny. We both know who has said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' and our dear mother has often told us that he is the only strength."

"Well, I'm thankful that my lessons are studied," said Jenny, "for that was the secret of my ill-humour yesterday. I wasted my time in the morning. That is a good resolution, after all, Fanny, and I'm going to try to carry it out every day."

May they reap therefrom a rich harvest in life's evening hours!

UNFOUNDED ALARMS ABOUT RELIGION.

EVERY previous age has had its unfounded alarms about the danger of religion, and has rushed to the State for some new law to put down the new heresy that imperilled religion. It would have been well for the world, and religion too, if her friends could have trusted her to have been defended by the hearts of the people, rather than by persecuting laws. When Christ appeared he was supposed by a class to imperil religion, and so they put him to death. When the Apostles went forth they were called Atheists by the heathen priests, and were put to death as the enemies of religion. When learning made its appearance in Europe it was predicted to be the downfall of religion, and the Copernican astronomy too was stemmed back as the adversary of religion. When the bible reappeared in modern times it was taken and destroyed, and its translators suffered, as the enemies of religion. The right of private judgment and a free press were denounced as the opponents of religion. The politics of Milton, the metaphysics of Locke, and the philosophy of Newton, were condemned at first as hostile to religion. The works of geologists and ethnologists in later times have been cried down as the opponents of religion. "Vestiges of Creation;" Buckle's "History of Civilization;" Darwin's "Origin of Species;" Lyell's "Antiquity of Man;" and "Colenso on the Pentateuch;" all these have been anathematized in turn, as placing religion in danger. Whence this alarm—why this cowardice—does it not derive its fears from a fact that is transparent to those who raise the hue and cry against the bible, criticism, philosophy, and learning; the fact of a felt weakness in *their* systems of religion, that does not belong to religion intrinsically. It is *their* religion that is in danger. Romanism by the progress of reason, and Anglicanism by the progress of biblical criticism, whereas the religion of the Unitarian—the religion of Christ—is never in danger; it is founded on a rock, in the nature of man and the will of God, against which the gates of hell can not prevail.

HOW IS GOD TO BE GLORIFIED?

GENGHIS KHAN doubtless had great glory in the eyes of his savage hordes as he sat in his tent before which rose as a trophy the awful pyramid of a hundred thousand human skulls! But let Genghis Khan build up his pyramid of death in this nineteenth century of Christ, and he would be looked on as a monster, and held in unutterable abhorrence.

Human vision is getting clearer on this point every day. The identity of greatness with goodness is coming to be better understood. Power is glory only when employed to beneficent ends. No king or ruler has any lasting monument to his honour, which has not its foundation in the hearts of his people, in benefits conferred, in wise laws, valuable institutions, and a life devoted to their good.

Peter of Russia was called Great, because he civilized and elevated his wild and savage people, and brought them into connection with the education and refinement, arts and sciences, political and social order of Europe. Through his efforts Russia has become one of the most powerful, wealthy, and enterprising nations on the earth. Out of this comes the title of Great; for this his glory is continually increasing among his own, and the peoples of the world. All men honour one who could do so great and good a work under such immense disadvantages.

What a noble sight, that of the monarch of Russia toiling in the dock-yards and workshops of Portsmouth, learning the various mechanic arts and trades, that he might return and teach his people! A thousand-fold more beautiful and instructive than Peter at the head of his victorious armies.

And now let us apply these positions to the question which heads this article. God is called in the Scriptures the King of kings, and the apostle says, "Unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be *honour and glory* for ever and ever"—1 Timothy i. 17.

How then are the honour and glory of God, as the universal sovereign, to be secured? Certainly by the establishment of a wise and good government, which shall ensure the safety and happi-

ness of his subjects, which shall issue in the complete deliverance of his people from all bondage, ignorance, and suffering, from evil of every sort. If they have enemies, these enemies must be destroyed—if they are themselves rebellious, they must be brought into subjection to just and righteous laws, laws promotive of their interests and welfare. If he loves his people he will not suffer them to remain rebels and enemies to his government, but, having the power, he will employ it to bring them into obedience, knowing as he does that obedience is happiness.

And if we turn to the Scriptures, we shall find that this is precisely the thing he has engaged to do as the sovereign Ruler of the nations. Hence we are told that "all the ends of the world shall remember, and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him. For the kingdom is the Lord's; and he is governor among the nations."—Psalms xxii.

For this purpose he sent Christ into the world, that he might restore the moral world to order, open the prisons of sin and death, and set the captives free, and establish in all hearts the kingdom of heaven, which is righteousness, peace, and the joy of a holy spirit. In view of this how beautifully significant are the figurative designations of his office—the "Prince of Peace"—the "Captain of our Salvation."

For this great and good work to be thoroughly accomplished in the fulness of time, "God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the *glory of God the Father*."—Phillipians ii.

Suppose now, for a moment, according to the creeds of the church, that God should utterly fail in this work which he has undertaken to do through Christ! Suppose, after mightiest effort, he finds he cannot lift his people up from ignorance and moral barbarism; cannot overcome the enemies of their virtue and peace; cannot break down the prisons of sin, and deliver them from the servitude and oppression of Satan! Or sup-

pose he cannot subdue the rebels against his government, that they prove too much for him, and so because of their obstinacy and hardness of heart, he is compelled to abandon them to endless rebellion, and barbarism and sin! In such a case how is God to be glorified as a successful ruler and king?

Peter of Russia had great difficulties to overcome. His people were savages, resolved to live as they had always lived, like wild beasts. He met with all manner of opposition in his reforms, and encountered perils at every step from their ferocity, ignorance, and ingratitude. But he persisted with an iron will which no danger, no rebellion could break down. He was stronger than all obstacles, stronger than the combined resistance of his fierce tribes, and pushed on his work with steady purpose till he had sowed the seed of a higher civilization, and brought his kingdom into contact with European life, education, social order, and refinement, and laid the foundations of a strong and prosperous government. And this constitutes his glory; this gives him the title of "Great," and now makes his memory sacred in the hearts of that mighty nation.

And shall the Almighty Ruler be less successful than this *man*? Shall he be discouraged by any difficulties in the work of salvation, of educating and bringing into a higher spiritual life the subjects of his government, the people of his care? Shall he yield to any obstinacy, ignorance, or rebellion on their part, and abandon the noble work of deliverance? If so, what glory will he have? How will his name be exalted in heaven or on earth? How can the universe take up the apostolic ascription—"Unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only *wise* God, be honour, and glory for ever and ever."

Is it not manifest that the glory of God as the world's Ruler can be complete only in the complete success of his government? Is it not certain that he must bring all his people into the enjoyment of its blessings, bring all into obedience to its laws, and so into participation of its security, peace, and happiness? Nothing can be plainer than this, and this is precisely what the Bible asserts he will do, and on this ground predicates

his infinite and everlasting glory.—Hebrews viii. 8, 12. 1 Corinthians xv.

Is not this view of the results of the divine government on earth, infinitely more honourable to the Sovereign Ruler, than that which represents him as defeated in his purposes, utterly unable to reduce his subjects to obedience; and after the conjoint efforts of Himself and his Son to restore order and peace, obliged to abandon the field, and give them over to endless rebellion and sin?

Which of these doctrines confers most honour on God and his government?—which contributes most to his glory? There can be but one reasonable answer to these questions. We know well enough that if the Russian Peter had failed in his attempts to civilize and educate his barbarous people, and bring his kingdom to a level with the social and political order, the blessings and advantages of European nations, he would never have been called "the Great," he would never have had the glory which now gathers about his name.

The principle is universal in its application. It is the goodness of the effort, and the success attending it, which fills up the measure of glory. Admit for a single moment, that God will not succeed in delivering his subjects from their moral barbarism, from their bondage to sin,—in a word, that his government so far as it aims at the good of all his people, is only a splendid failure, and you rob him of his glory as a Ruler, you impeach for ever his honour and his ability as a Sovereign! He is no longer Almighty, no longer the King of kings!

But accept the view which the Bible and Reason establish—believe what he declares, that he will write his law in all hearts, and that finally all nations and all souls shall rejoice in a willing obedience, in the peace and blessedness consequent upon it—then you truly honour the King of kings, then you can understand the fulness of meaning there is in the grand ascription heard by the Revelator:—"And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, *Blessing* and *HONOUR* and *GLORY* be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen."

OCTOBER.

THE year grows splendid! on the mountains steep [geous light,

Now lingers long the warm and gory—
Dying by slow degrees into the deep,
Delicious night.

The final triumph of the perfect year,
Rises the woods' magnificent array;
Beyond the purple mountain heights
appear,
And slope away.

The elm, with musical, slow motion, laves
His long, lithe branches in the tender
air;

While from his top the gay sordello waves
Her scarlet hair.

Where Spring first hid her violets, 'neath
the fern,

Where Summer's fingers ope'd, fold
after fold, [burn
The odorous, wild, red rose's heart, now
The leaves of gold.

The loftiest hill—the lowliest flowering
herb—

The fairest fruit of season and of clime—
All wear alike the mood of the superb
Autumnal time.

Now Nature pours her last and noblest
wine!

Like some Bacchante, beside the singing
streams [divine,
Reclines the enchanted Day, wrapt in
Impassioned dreams.

But where the painted leaves are falling
fast,

Among the vales, beyond the farthest
hill, [vast—

There sits a shadow—dim, and sad, and
And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills—
A voice that mourns among the haunted
woods—

And with the mystery of its sorrow fills
The solitudes.

For while gay Autumn gilds the fruit
and leaf, [wear,

And doth her fairest festal garments
Lo! Time, all noiseless, in his mighty
sheaf

Binds up the year.
The mighty sheaf which never is unbound
The Reaper whom our souls beseech
in vain! [found,
The loved, lost years that never may be
Or loved again.

STATUE OF CHRIST.

BAYARD TAYLOR, describing this famous piece of sculpture at St. Petersburg, says:—"This is no traditionary Christ, with low forehead, and straight, insipid features: the head is rather that of a scholar and a thinker. You are at once struck with the individuality of the figure. He is represented as speaking, turning towards the left, and slightly leaning. A single flowing garment, hanging from his neck to his feet, partly conceals the symmetrical, yet somewhat delicate form. The head is large, nobly rounded and balanced, with a preponderance of development in the intellectual and moral regions of the brain; his hair long, but very fine and thin, as if prematurely thinned by thought—the beard scanty, and the expression of the countenance at once grave, gentle, and spiritual. The longer I looked at it, the more I was penetrated with its wonderful representation of the attributes of Christ—wisdom and love. The face calmly surveys and comprehends all forms of human passion, with pity for the erring, joy for the good, and tenderness for all. It is that transcendent purity in whose presence the sinner feels no repellant reproof, but only consolation.

"I have seen few statues like this, where the form is lost sight of in the presence of the idea. In this respect, it is Dannecker's greatest, as it was his favourite work. He devoted many a day of labour, thought and aspiration to the modeling of the head. When, at length it was completed in clay, a sudden distrust of his success overwhelmed him. Having no longer confidence in his own judgment, or that of his artistic friends, he one day took a little uneducated girl into his studio, placed the head before it, and said: 'Who is it?' The child looked steadfastly upon the features, so unlike the conventional Christ of artists, and without hesitation answered: 'It is the Saviour.' The old man, himself a child in his simplicity and sincerity, accepted this answer as a final judgment, and completed his work in marble."

THE CONTENTED FARMER.

ONCE upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the wayside, cheerily singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the King. "Does this acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labour?"

"No, Sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the King. "I am not so rich as that, I plough for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the King, further.

"Eight groschen" said the farmer.

"That's not much," replied the King; "can you get along with this?"

"Get along, and have something left."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled, and said, "Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the King.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; I keep them. This is my debt towards which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive proper instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep—this I give for the Lord's sake."

The King, well pleased with his answer said: "Bravely spoken, old man. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

Thrusting his hand into his pocket and counting out fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with the royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming—

"The coin is genuine, for it comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."—*German Reformed Messenger.*

CHURCH OF ENGLAND WORSHIP.

'By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation; by thy holy Nativity and Circumcision; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation, good Lord, deliver us.

'By thy agony and Bloody sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, good Lord, deliver us.'

Book of Common Prayer.

READER, just think for a moment on this address.

'The Incarnation of God!' Was God, the Great Spirit, whom no man hath seen, or can see, transformed or changed into a body of flesh? How then is he unchangeable, without variable-ness or shadow of turning? How is he the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? And if he literally became flesh, how could he be Spirit.

'The Nativity of God!' Was God literally born? Had he a birth-day, so that he could ever after keep it? The creature may have a nativity; but how is it possible that the Creator can?

'The Circumcision of God!' Was God really circumcised? Is not the idea most carnal, gross, and revolting? Is it not absurd? Is it not impossible? For how could God, who is a Spirit, and not flesh and bones, undergo a fleshly ceremony and operation, and be circumcised?

'The Baptism of God!' Was God literally baptized? Was He immersed in water, or sprinkled with water? And to whom was He baptized? To what being, human or divine, was He consecrated, by baptism, to serve and obey?

'The Fasting of God!' Did God indeed fast? Did He fast, who is the possessor of all things, and in whose hands are all things for ever and ever? Was He hungry, who giveth all things to enjoy? Was He feeble, who fainteth not, neither is weary? To whom did He fast? What could the infinitely pure and holy God have to mortify and subdue in himself, so that He required such a discipline? How could the humiliation of a fast be necessary for the Lord of heaven and earth? And before what Supreme Divine Being could He thus humble himself? What imperfections could He have to lament? What pardon to implore? What grace to help in time of need? Can any fast, or require the aid of a fast, but a human being? Is it not folly, then, to worship a fasting God?

'The Temptation of God!' How could He be tempted, who is the sovereign ruler of the universe? Where could a temptation be found for him? Or how could he covet or desire anything, when all things were already in his possession? Could Satan be powerful enough to tempt God? Could he be omnipotent, and God feeble? Could he be rich, and God poor? Could he be perfect and God frail? Would not the supposition be most dishonourable and degrading to God? Would it not amount to blasphemy? How then could God be tempted, since there could be no allurement in the universe, to hold out to Him a temptation, and no being to tempt Him?

'The Agony of God!' How could the Almighty suffer pain? Has He a material fleshly

body to be agonized? Or what could agonize His infinite mind?

'The Bloody Sweat of God!' How could God, who is a Spirit, shed His blood? How could Omnipotence sweat? Are not such things impossible? Are they not shocking and degrading? Do they not represent God as a material and fleshly being? And do they not invest him with the feebleness and frailty of mortality?

'The Cross of God!' Was the great God of heaven and earth really suspended on the cross? Was He literally nailed to that ignominious tree? And did He there suffer and expire? Who could nail Him, and execute Him? And if He had expired, who could have survived?

'The Passion of God!' Is God a being of like passions with men? Or can the Almighty suffer as men?

'The Death of God!' What! did God literally die? Was He put to death? Did His creatures kill their Creator? Did they kill Him who only hath immortality dwelling in himself? If He had died, who could have lived? If He had been blotted out of existence, would not the universe also have been blotted out?

'The Burial of God!' Was that Being who fills the universe, really buried—really committed to the grave—really confined as a corpse in the narrow enclosure of the Sepulchre? Who sustained and governed the world, while He lay there, still and motionless, and unconscious in death?

'The Resurrection of God!' After God was dead and buried, was he literally restored to life? What being in the universe, who only had immortality dwelling in himself, could resuscitate the dead God in the tomb, and raise him to life again?

'The Ascension of God!' How could He ascend, who is the Lord of universal nature, and who fills heaven and earth with His presence? Where could He go, who is already everywhere? Where could He go, where He was not? Or what power that was mightier than He could exalt Him?

Such is the Church of England worship.

Is it not astonishing, that men pretending to understanding, to rationality and common sense, should engage, from week to week, in a worship, so inconsistent and contradictory, so absurd and ridiculous? Is it not astonishing, that men pretending to pure tastes, and to a nice sense of propriety and decency, should, as their constant act of public devotion, bow down in a religious service, so gross, so carnal, and disgusting? Is it not most unaccountable, that men pretending to piety and reverence towards God, and a regard for His honour and glory, should so degrade him by the revolting superstition of the worship of a born God, a baptized God, a circumcised God, a fasting and tempted God, a suffering God, a bloody sweating God, a crucified God, a dead and buried God?

Do they really believe it? Then are they not most lamentably deluded? Are they not most lamentably enveloped in the darkness of ignorance? Do they not believe it? Then are they not guilty of hypocrisy before God? And as they thus wilfully take His name in vain, and thus

wilfully degrade Him, do they not blaspheme His holy name? Do they neither believe nor disbelieve it; but adopt it without thought, as a mere matter of form, and repeat it as a thing of course? Then are they not chargeable with solemn mockery against God? And will he hold those guiltless who thus take His name in vain?

Besides, what is this worship of a fleshly born God, a circumcised God, a bloody sweating God, a dead and buried God? Is it not evidently idolatry?

Is it not thus also, as it presents to the mind various objects and images of divine adoration, of the likeness of things under heaven,—various changes and transformations, from the birth of God, to the death and burial of God,—all pictures of material things, as visible to the mind as if they were represented in wood or stone, in brass or marble, engraved by art and man's device? And hence, is it not a violation of the Second Commandment, which prohibits,—as idolatrous, all such likenesses in religious homage? And is it not, therefore, idolatry?

It is the practice, moreover, of professing Christians, in this enlightened age of the nineteenth century. And for its carnality and grossness, its degradation to God and man, and its absurdity and folly, a counterpart could hardly be found for it, even in the midst of Pagan darkness. How astonishing! It might have been pitiable in Pagans to worship after this manner; but for Christians to be thus degraded, is indeed melancholy and humiliating; and if they could open their eyes, to see themselves as they really are, it would be alarming to them in the extreme. For let them remember, that superior light, calls for superior obedience; and that great sin, in the midst of great light, will receive hereafter greater condemnation. God knows where light is abused, and where it is faithfully improved. He knows therefore, what is sinful idolatry, and what is innocent; and while the innocent will go free, the sinful will meet with a just punishment. And there is no respect of persons with God.

Do they say, that it is not *God* that they worship by His *nativity* and *circumcision*, &c., &c.? Who then is it? And if it is not *God*, but some *other* being, then are they not convicted out of their own mouths of *Idolatry*?

A FORMER WORSHIPPER AFTER THIS WAY.

A LAY SERMON.

"And a certain ruler asked him, saying, Good master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God. Thou knowest the commandments. Do not commit adultery, do not kill, do not steal, do not bear false witness, honour thy father and mother. And he said, All these things I have kept from my youth up. Now when Jesus heard these things, he said unto him, Yet thou lackest one thing," etc.—Luke xviii. 22.

THERE is nothing more striking in the history of Jesus than the simplicity of his mode of action as compared with the greatness of his reputation and aims. He distinctly announces himself as the long-expected Messiah—with prophetic eye, he sees his kingdom extended in the world, till all power is his; and yet, the

great instrument on which he seems most to rely for the accomplishment of these expectations and designs is what might be almost called the *chance* communication of his thoughts to a few friends and individual minds. No life that history records is so utterly devoid of the stiffness of mere set formal effort; none is so free and flowing in its movements. And bearing in mind the great results produced, this is really a most encouraging fact for those who are seeking to do some little good in the world. It really is not required of them to abandon their homes and callings, but it is quite enough if they till the ground nearest their own door. By this besides, they show men *how* to live—and there is no such persuasive as this to a life of goodness.

The narrative heading of this paper affords an illustration of this simple mode of action. It sets before us Jesus engaged in an interview with a young Jewish ruler, the interview not being of his seeking, or the subject discussed, his selecting. But turning now to the young ruler, we are again brought into the presence of a cheering and instructive fact. Taking up other passages out of this and the other Gospels, how dark appears the condition of society at those times! What but the grossest corruption of manners could have called forth the burning words of indignation which Jesus was constantly launching against all classes, especially the rich and influential? But, as we may remark on more than one occasion, this terrible darkness, is, like midnight itself, not wholly without enlivening rays. The goodly plant of the divine life of the soul has not only room for existence, but even for growth, in that most sterile of soils. It was natural, it is true, under the warm sunshine of a presence like Jesus, that what of susceptibility to good did exist, should come forth and manifest its life; but this young ruler could have talked, had it been proper, not only of a susceptibility as exciting, but of a certain amount of growth as attained, even before he met with Jesus. Indeed, he might be confidently produced as a fair sample of a man, in any condition of society. And what shews a singular freedom from the prevailing vices, he does not presume on his virtues, but comes to Jesus and modestly asks, what more can he do: properly speaking, indeed, he does not make a show of having done anything, but enquires what he has to do? Only in the *form* of the question does the pride of the ruler come out; for he asks, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" as if he deemed that his case was entitled to peculiar indulgence, or required peculiar treatment. But even his manner of address bespoke a certain amount of elevation of character. He was courteous in his terms: "Good master, what shall I do;" and this courtesy was chiefly the result of true veneration, derived, one might almost be led to think, from something more than a partial or accidental knowledge of Jesus. The very words he uses, "eternal life," which was Jesus' own oft-repeated phrase, point to this conclusion; and here, then, imagination might, if it so pleased, picture him as no uninterested hearer of Jesus' words for some time previous to this interview. And Jesus' reply and whole

treatment of his case shows that he himself gave him credit for much that was estimable in character. What passed at the interview, it will be our business to consider presently; but enough, we think, has been said to shew what the young ruler was, and so make manifest the cheering fact that the growth of the virtues is not wholly confined to congenial soils. Let us never doubt that the most desert spot has its plants of paradise.

And now, for the substance of the conversation. "Good Master," said the ruler to Jesus, "what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Is not this, in some form or other, the question of us all? Busy ourselves as we may with our worldly concerns and amusements, does not this question still and ever intrude itself—still and ever keep knocking at our door? And will we deny that it is the most important question in life? But then, if we know this, Jesus knew it too; and we may rest assured that he gave an answer that was all we could desire for directness and explicitness. And one cannot help feeling that he gave it also with a sort of prophetic forecast of the many hearts in future ages that would come asking the same question and waiting on his reply. Is it our question, any of us, to-day? Then let us depend upon it we have a correct reply; nor let it trouble us if other people say for Jesus what he does not say for himself.

"Why callest thou me good? None is good save one, that is God. Thou knowest the commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Honour thy father and mother." Then, there is a great deal of religion in simple moral acts, after all! "And the ruler said, All these things have I kept from my youth up." Cannot we imagine the flush of pride which overspread the countenance of the young ruler as he made this statement? But could we make it? Have we ever even tried to keep the commandments in their integrity? Could we say we are trying now? But alas for us, what a dismal, torn, stained garment our *past* life is? Judged even by the standard of this young ruler's *actual* attainments, what cause is there for us all to take up the publican's prayer, and say, "God be merciful!" And oh! if there be a youth reading these lines, the garment of whose life is yet unsoiled by sin, how we would implore that youth to take counsel of this young ruler, that in all his future years he may have the like sweet satisfaction of being able to say he has kept these things from his youth up! Were we not right just now in speaking in terms of praise of this young man? What a proud thing to be able to say, "All these things I have kept?" Could we well ask more of any man? We perhaps could not, but Jesus *did*. "Yet one thing thou lackest," said he. No, the *perfect law*, in express terms, he could not—dared not—relax. He could bear with and kindly excuse his shortcomings; but the perfect law must still be proclaimed—that law which is "exceeding broad," and in whose folds no sin may lurk, even the smallest. "Yet one thing thou lackest." Yes—there was the taint of avarice under that fair exterior—a taint which had so deeply impregnated the whole moral nature of the young man,

that rather than have it removed, he was ready to forego even his hopes of eternal life. And oh! is it not dreadful to behold the power and the deceptiveness of one evil habit! He had probably gone on for years flattering himself that because he had kept the written commandments, all was right, and had never once suspected the mortal disease that was eating his nature up, even to his heart's core. Not that he was wholly satisfied with himself either, or he had never come to Jesus with his important question. Perhaps, indeed, he came with the hope, hardly acknowledged even to himself, that Jesus, taken with his many virtues, would never suspect his one vice; or in consideration of his virtues, would excuse it, and help him to excuse himself. But if so, he had miscalculated Jesus' wonderful insight into character; or probably had mistaken his gracious forbearance with actual faults for tolerance with wilful indulgence. However, the fault—the taint—known or unknown to the young ruler himself—was there; and Jesus had been himself wanting in loyalty to truth if he had not pointed it out. But he did more. The young man had come to him asking what he must do to inherit eternal life, and Jesus must assuredly tell him. He had probably expected, at the very worst, expostulation; but he had asked for direction, and now it came in a form which overwhelmed him. "Sell what thou hast, and give to the poor; so shalt thou have treasure in heaven." He had not expected such a probing as this; and he shrinks from it. His sin, for the first time, is seen in a light that is of itself startling and alarming; but although he sees its loathsomeness, he cannot make up his mind to abandon it. His very hopes of eternal life seem to hang upon it, but he cannot renounce his darling sin. So here, then, alas, all that fair promise ends—all ends in a deliberate preference for sin; and as though he felt this, and it were a sad farewell at once to his departed virtue and his very hopes of heaven, he goes away "sorrowful." Oh! it is a sad sight—sad at the beginning, sadder at the ending—sad to see such beauty marred by one foul spot—sadder far to see the insidious progress of this foul spot till the very beauty itself disappears; and well might Jesus dwell upon the subject when the spectacle itself was removed!

Let us now, in a few brief words, sum up the chief lessons which the subject teaches.

And first: full, perfect, entire obedience to the divine law is what God requires at our hands. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." In an *ideal* of character, do we not expect a perfect one? But oh! then, our *actual* life should be perfect too! Let us aim at perfect obedience, and, in the spirit of Paul, believe that nothing is gained unless *all* is gained. Without scruple, we apply this perfect law to others; but it would be far better if we applied it to ourselves!

Secondly: Let us learn to look with suspicion and even horror at the smallest taint of sin in our lives and characters. These little, solitary, unnoticed sins, if wilfully indulged in, are, in one sense, the very test of our characters, for what is wilful sin in any case, but sin *deliberately chosen and preferred*, which is the very essence

of all sin? If we really will not renounce our besetting sin, that is the same as saying—"Evil, be thou my portion"—and we occupy precisely the same level with the greatest sinner. This is a phase of the subject, which, perhaps we have never considered; but oh! it is not more sad than true! And indeed we have more than one intimation of the fact, of the close relation which one sin bears to all others, in ourselves—our own undeniable experience. We feel, that in indulging one sin, the very barrier to sin in all its forms, is broken down, and we cannot tell how soon the whole foul brood may come and take up their lodging within. And then again, we have, as the result of our one sin, just the same miserable feeling, as if we were already a slave to all the rest. What comfort do all our many virtues bring us, while we continue to indulge in this one sin? Day by day, our peace of mind, our enjoyment of life, is marred by this haunting demon, this recurring horror!

Let us use instant means to cast this devil out; to cast it out although at the cost of our whole possessions; and God will bless us in the effort, and give us success, and then turn into our bosoms the river of that "peace which passeth all understanding."—J. S., *Halifax*.

FROM REV. DR. CHAPIN'S "LIVING WORDS."

If one wishes to unlearn selfishness, let him go apart, and stand alone by himself.

However logical our induction, the end of the thread is fastened upon the assurance of faith.

God's work is carried on by oscillations—now the truth swings to this extreme, now to that; and between he weaves his steady and perfect plan.

Must a man get a correct philosophy of prayer before he prays? Must a child, ready to run into its father's arms, stop and study mental processes before it yields to the impulses of its love.

If any one maintains reform as a substitute for Christianity, he attributes to the stream the virtues of the fountain; he ascribes to the arteries the central function of the heart. For from Christianity beats the great pulse of this world's hope.

Glorify a lie, legalize a lie, arm and equip a lie, consecrate a lie with solemn forms and awful penalties, and after all, it is nothing but a lie. It rots a land and corrupts a people, like any other lie, and bye-and-bye the white light of God's truth shines clear through it, and shows it to be a lie.

Objects close to the eye shut out much larger objects on the horizon; and splendours born only of the earth eclipse the stars. So a man sometimes covers up the entire disc of eternity with a dollar, and quenches transcendent glories with a little shining dust.

It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful and yet salutary to think of; for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us

that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life, without sentinels of watchfulness, and campfires of prayer.

We must die alone. To the very verge of the stream our friends may accompany us; they may bend over us, they may cling to us there; but that one long wave from the sea of eternity washes up to the lips, sweeps us from the shore, and we go forth alone! In that untried and utter solitude, then, what can there be for us but the pulsation of that assurance—"I am not alone, because the Father is with me!"

Peace is an attribute of the highest power. Silence reigns throughout these enormous spaces where worlds travel on their way. Silence wraps that electric life which animates nature, and which is thus more powerful than when it is disclosed in thunder. A sea of silence lies around the throne of God, and the Almighty speaks not, and utters no sound. So in this peace of a religious soul, there is evidence of a hidden power that is greater than any outward force.

I must pity that young man, who, with a little finery of dress, and recklessness of manner, with his coarse passions all daguerreotyped upon his face, goes whooping through these streets, driving an animal much nobler in its conduct than himself, or swaggers into some haunt of shame, and calls it "enjoying life!" He thinks he is astonishing the world! and he is astonishing the thinking part of it, who are astonished that he is not astonished at himself. For look at that compound of flash and impudence, and say if on all this earth there is anything more pitiable. He knows anything of the true joy of life! As well say that the beauty and immensity of the universe were all enclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the husks and swine!

GODWARD AND MANWARD.

"Do you know Mr. Tabour?" said one to John Leland.

"O! yes," said the merry divine,
"I should know the old man if I saw him in Zealand,

Because he's a deacon of mine."

"What sort of a man is your friend, Deacon Tabour?"

Said the quereast. "I'm anxious to learn."

"Oh, I don't want to speak any ill of my neighbour."

The Elder replied in his turn.

But the quereast rejoined, "we have lately had dealing

With the Deacon in butter and grain,
And things have occurred that have injured our feelings,

Which your answer perhaps will explain."

"O, if that is the case, I will answer, and willing,
And tell how his character stands;

For I know if I do, I am only fulfilling

A duty my Master commands.

"He is Godward devout, you can see by his manner,

Too plain and emphatic to err,
But manward, manœuvring 'neath traffic's

banner,

He's a little grain twistical, sir."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A FRIEND.—Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

A GOOD MOTHER.—What an unspeakable blessing is a good mother, not only to her family but to the world! Children can not love their good mothers too much. Said Lord Langdale, "If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother in the other, the world would kick the beam—would rise up as the lightest." "A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

CONSCIENCE.—It takes the taste out o' my mouth for things, when I know I should have a heavy conscience after 'em. I've seen pretty clear ever since I could cast up a sum, as you can never do what's wrong without breeding sin and trouble more than you can see. It's like a bit of bad workmanship,—you never can see the end of the mischief it'll do. And it's a look-out to some into the world to make your fellow-creatures worse off instead o' better.—*Adam Bede.*

A PUGILISTIC BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.—These words caught our eyes in going past a sparring establishment in London, which at once informed us, those boxing gents, who man, batter, and shatter each other, have benevolence as well. That their benevolent society is founded for the relief of boxers and bruisers only. "What a strange thing is human nature," we said, after noticing this, "here is benevolence grafted on to boxing; pugilism and charity linked together." After a moment's thought, we recollected that we had met with greater inconsistency than this. The Christian Church is a benevolent association, a society for good will among all men, a thoroughly charitable institution; yet what a vast amount of its time and strength is absorbed in battles of churches. The pugilistic folk are given to benevolence, and the benevolent societies to pugilism. How strange is human nature!

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CHILD.—A Philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied: "To be sure I have?" "What makes you think you have?" "Because I have," she promptly replied. "But how do you know you have a soul?" "Because I do know," she answered again. It was a child's reason; but the philosopher could hardly have given a better. "Well, then," said he, after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?" "Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?" "Perhaps you do. If you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not." "Then you think I don't know," she replied, "but I do; it is my *THINK*." "Your think!" said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; "who told you so?" "Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that without being told." The philosopher had puzzled his brains a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few words.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.—Wish for them cautiously. Ask for them submissively. Want them contentedly. Obtain them honestly. Accept them humbly. Manage them prudently. Employ them lawfully. Impart them liberally. Esteem them moderately. Increase them virtuously. Use them subversively. Forego them easily. Resign them willingly.

A REPROOF.—A minister who is in the habit of swearing in the pulpit, was severely rebuked not long ago by a drunken man, whom he ordered to be taken out, and in doing so, poured upon him, what seemed to the votary of Bacchus, a volley of profane oaths, saying, "he would be damned." "Stop that," said the poor drunkard, as they hustled him out. "I'll have no swearing in this house." There is too much swearing in pulpits, a practice very offensive to all who regard the commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

HEART-WORDS.—An old writer has truthfully remarked that we may say what we please, if we speak through tears. Tender tones prevent severe truths from offending. Hence, when we are most tender at heart, our words are most powerful. Hence one great reason why our words have so much more power during a revival than at other times. Our hearts are more tender then, than they usually are—we feel more, and it is easy for the hardened to see and feel that our hearts are interested in their behalf. They feel that our words are not mere lip-words, but heart-words.

I ONLY CRIED WITH HER.—A poor widow, the mother of two children, used to call on them at the close of each day, for the report of the good they had done. One night the eldest hesitated in her reply to her mother's question, "What kindness have you shown?" "I don't know, mother." The mother, touched with the tone of her answer, resolved to unravel the mystery; and the little sensitive thing, when reassured, went on to say:—Going to school this morning, I found little Annie G., who had been absent some days, crying very hard. I asked her, mother, what made her cry so, which made her cry more, so that I could not help leaning my head on her neck, and crying too. Then her sobs grew less and less, till she told me of her little baby-brother, whom she nursed so long, and loved so much—how he had sickened, grown pale and thin, writhing with pain until he died, and then they put him from her for ever. Mother, she told me this; and then she hid her face in her book, and cried as if her heart would break. Mother, I could not help putting my face on the other page of the book, and crying too, as she did. After we had cried together a long time, she hugged me and kissed me, telling me I had done her good. Mother, I don't know *how* I did her good, *for I only cried with her*. That is all I can tell, for I can't tell how I did her good."

All Letters, Post-Office Orders, &c., to be addressed to ROBERT SPEARS, 39, Stamford-street, London, S.

Whitfield, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by W. ROBINSON, High-street, Stockton.